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Sunrise



12 0 2

Chapter 1 by ZolloKaptain

In an ordinary room there lay beige flat walls and a withered gray couch that dully stood on the cusp of one of the running walls which sharply cornered to reveal another subsection of the room. Against the farthest wall was a piano and at it sat a boy. A wet and ghastly smell bombarded the room but the boy sat slumped over the sturdy black stool unfazed by the smell, but if you were to enter the barred room you would be stricken immediately with malaise. His arms dangling like a chandelier from a cracked roof but as fragile as it was the roof would not cave-in. It had no beams for support or pillars yet the very existence defied the most common of knowledge. How does it stand? Oh, a question that could be so easily answered with an ignorant response. However, the boy wondered and philosophized on the side of ignorance that would be more satisfying as he stared blankly at the keys of the piano, which he so longed to play. He would constantly reminisce of his life as it gave him the strength to force his body back to work. He would then proceed to jerk upwards and with a swinging motion his fingers would have pain instilled within them once again, and this feeling was all that kept him from failing.

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